

Thursday - September 21, 1978

The plane lights turned up at 6:50 a.m. Swiss time. Before we could fold our blankets and refresh ourselves with steaming hot towels, we were flying over the hedge-lined farms of France. It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining as the plane landed at the Geneva Airport. We walked out on the landing and enjoyed the refreshing scenery of Geneva as we waited for a forty-five minute delay to pass. The plane lifted at 9:15 a.m. As it soared above the clouds to sixteen thousand feet, we could see the city of Berne and the beautiful surrounding mountain peaks.

We arrived at the Zurich Airport at 9:40 a.m. Our flight was 58 minutes late. Walter Wicke, the Swiss travel agent, and our relative, Paul Nielson and his family were there to greet us. We were excited and happy as we got on the bus that had been arranged special for us. Kalevi bid us goodbye, and went to Finland to visit his mother who was very ill.

Zurich has a population of 700,000 people. The Royce River flows through the city. It is second only to New York as the financial capitol of the world. At 10:45 a.m. the luggage had been loaded on the bus and we were on our way to the village of Rorbas, birthplace of Anna Landert (1843). We walked up the hill to the village church where Anna and her father, Hans Jacob Landert (1808), and many generations of the Landert family were christened, married and buried. We took pictures of the clean, white church and the flower-covered graves in the cemetery outside the church. We walked down the quiet road past the village hall back to the waiting bus. We noticed that the architecture of the homes in Rorbas differed from the homes in Zurich.

When a citizen of Switzerland is born in a certain village and canton, it becomes that person's "community of origin." Before too long, we entered "Schmid country", Berg am Irchel. Paul Neilson said, "This village never changes. It has been the same for hundreds of years." We drank from the village fountain and